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## Flamingo Vol. IV N 9

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# Flamingo



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MARCH, 1924

DENISON UNIVERSITY

25 CENTS





ROGER BACON  
1214-1294

English philosopher and man of science. Studied at Oxford and the University of Paris. Wrote the *Opus Majus*, *Opus Minus*, *Opus Tertium*, and many other treatises.

## For this he was sent to prison

Roger Bacon may not have invented gunpowder, as has been claimed by some biographers of the famous Franciscan friar, but he exploded some of the outstanding errors of thirteenth century thought. Because of his advanced teachings, Bacon spent many years of his life in prison.

In an age of abstract speculation he boldly asserted the mathematical basis of all the sciences. But even mathematical calculation, he showed, must be verified by experiment, which discovers truths that speculation could never reach.

In the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company, Bacon's principles are followed in every experimental investigation. The gas-filled electric lamp and the electron tube were worked out on paper, but it was experimental verification of the underlying mathematical theory that made electric illumination, radio broadcasting and X-rays what they are today.



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No. 9

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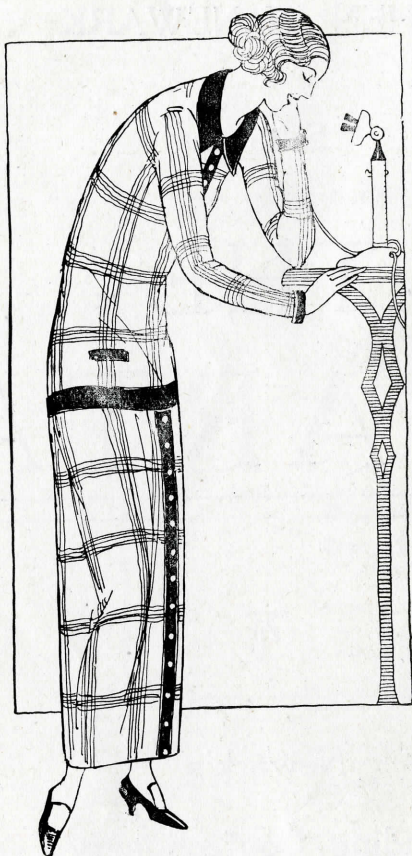
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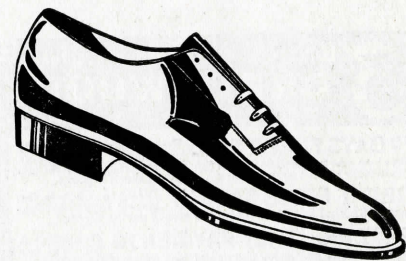
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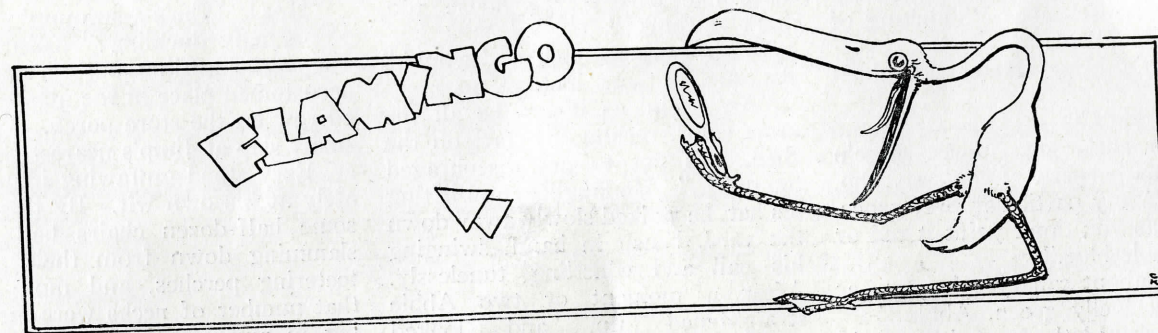
Newark

29 So. Park

# The Denison Flamingo







A Humorous and Literary Magazine of Denison University, Granville, Ohio.

## LATE SPRING

by  
E. T.

ABBIE Prentiss dropped her hoe, pushed back her sunbonnet, and pulling off her glove, pased the back of one earthy hand over her moist, itching forehead.

"I swan if 'taint het fer April!" she murmured protestingly.

With unconscious precision she lifted a limp strand of hair and pinned it back into place. Settling her sunbonnet again, she reached energetically for the hoe, but suddenly stopped. Instead, she stood looking across the picket fence into the adjoining yard, with an amused twinkle in her eye.

"I knew he'd be at it purty soon. It's about time," she remarked, laughing softly to herself. From the open cellar-way next door came the sound of rattling cans, and the sucking plop of a brush stirred rapidly round in something wet and sticky. Then over the upraised door an old brown hat suddenly appeared, followed by a lean, brown face, tipped with stubby gray chin-whiskers. A moment later the rest of the man followed, tall, thin, broad shouldered. He came climbing slowly out with a care that suggested preoccupation rather than the stiffness of age. He was wearing overalls, once white, now stained and faded to a rich, indescribable brown, and from his right hand swung an open paint can.

"Howdy, Abbie," he called, coming over to lean on the fence near the bed where she was busily hoeing.

"Good day, Bijé," she answered, looking up with a smile.

"How's the bulbs comin'? Land o' Goshen! Got 'em half set out already, hain't ye?"

"Yes—don't pay to wait, 'specially when the season's so early. They're bigger'n hardier than usual, this year, or I wouldn't a resked transplanting 'em. I s'pose I'd ought to be afeard o' frosts even now. But with Easter coming so soon I want 'em to be in bud sure before the week's out."

Laying down her hoe, she picked up a small flower pot where soft green shoots, already three or four inches high, nestled closely about a tiny bud. Stroking its delicate pinkness softly, she held it out for Bijé's inspection.

"Purty, ain't it?" she offered.

"Yes. Allus puts me in mind o' the sunrise arter a night's rain."

He paused awkwardly, as if embarrassed by his unusual eloquence. Abbie Prentiss hoed on, unconcernedly, heaping damp pungent earth in little brown hillocks parallel with the fence. The sight of this frost-freed soil gave Bijé an inspiration.

"Seems like your bulbs is allus the first sign o' spring hereabouts, Abbie."

"Then your painting's the second, Bijé," she retorted quickly, laughing.

Bijé scratched his chin and grinned.

"Run ye a purty close race sometimes, eh Abbie?"

The woman straightened up, bulb in one hand, trowel in the other. "Yes, you do, Bijé. 'Most beat me last year." Then glancing from the pail he still held to a

small, snugly built tool house at the rear end of her neighbor's yard she added:

"What color is it to be this year?"

For a moment Bijé Potter looked almost disconcerted. Then he removed his hat, and scratched his head with studied deliberation.

"Wal, the fact of it is I ain't jest decided—not yet." Abbie offered no comment but still stood trowel in hand, looking absently across the bare brown yards just beginning to be touched with the first faint green of grass. Suddenly Bijé shot a shrewd glance at her.

"What color would ye suggest, Abbie?"

Abbie Prentiss fairly jumped. "Land sakes, Bijé, how do I know? If you're going to plant sunflowers around it again I'd say a sober, purty brown—not cow-brown, or mud color. Or if you're thinking of morning-glories you might use a real delicate green. But how do I know but what you're cal'latin' t' start a scarlet runner vine climbing over it, or set a row o' purple fox-glove round it? What are you going to use?"

"Anything—anything ye like, Abbie."

"I like! Nonsense, Bijé. It's your garden and your shed. You've a right to make it any color or combination of colors you've a mind to—tho I will say it's considerate of you to ask the advice of us as have to look at it." The "us" was purely editorial, since she and Bijé Potter were the only householders on that side of the road for a quarter of a



mile,—the only people, in fact, except his housekeeper. Thinking of her Abbie added:

"What's Mrs. Hamel say about it?"

"She don't."

"Then she's got more sense'n most housekeepers. I can't say, tho, as I have any particular preference, so long as you don't paint it red or clothes-pole-blue."

"How about canary color, or—er—a nice, Kelly green, Abbie?"

Abbie seized the hoe with war in her eye, and Bijé ducked, snickering delightedly.

"As soon as I'm color blind, Bijé," she retorted good-naturedly laying the weapon aside and plying her trowel again swiftly.

The man lingered on, however, leaning on the fence rail and staring at her thoughtfully, almost timidly. His shed was one of Bijé's few weaknesses,—the only one, certainly, that he noised abroad. It was an unusually artistic little structure, with a deep rose-arbor at one end, and wide garden beds on three sides of it where he was wont to plant hardy annuals, changing the type and color from year to year as he repainted the building. For not a spring passed but Bijé Potter's shed bloomed forth like a newly sprung flower, in gay colors, not always entirely harmonious, but at least original and startling. By now the matter of the shed was a neighborhood joke. Abbie herself had not been backward in teasing Bijé about it. But now, Bijé found himself for the first time hesitating to seek a bit of neighborly advice. Instead he stood awkwardly silent, watching with admiration the deft, graceful movements of this woman whom fifty years seemed to have left essentially untouched, except that she was stronger, kindlier, and beautiful, in a different, yet to him equally striking way. At last he spoke slowly,—the merest commonplace.

"What'd ye say to white, Abbie, with green blinds, to match the house?"

Abbie Prentiss looked up quickly without rising. Her face was very flushed from bending over to pat the earth carefully into place around the delicate shoots.

"Why I'd like that reel well, Bijé," she answered with simple candor. "you know my weakness for white." And with a little laugh she reached for another tulip plant from the box beside her.

"Wal, I guess we'll try white, then. Reckon it'll look sorta purty when the rambler blooms,—seem

more like part o' the house too, don't ye think?"

"Yes, I think mebbe 'twould," she said, without looking up.

"An' seein' as it's to be all the same color, reckon I'll start on the shed, so's not to get discouraged too quick." He laughed, and lifting his hat, he walked slowly away down the yard, brush in hand, swinging his pail and whistling tunelessly. After a moment or two Abbie straightened up, and looked thoughtfully after him.

"Shed's nice and clean from the rain! It'll be easy to paint," she said to herself. Then laughing gently, "But white! Bijé, you be as contrary and changing as the best of 'em. And full as helpless!"

\* \* \*

Jim Blodgett (Christian name "Jimpson") started up from his chair outside the general store with an unaccustomed suddenness that sent that much abused article slamming indignantly to the porch floor. Rubbing his stubby chin meditatively he stared straight up the muddy street, muttering again and again to himself:

"Wal I swan!—I swan to goodness!—Danged if I ain't swanned!"



TO Q. S.

THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD  
FOR HER,  
WHO HOLDS MY HEART IN  
PAWN.

WHEN THIS I SAY, I DO NOT  
ERR,

"THE BEST IS NONE TOO  
GOOD FOR HER."

AS WITH COMPLACENCY I  
PURR,

(I'VE TRIED TO MAKE THIS  
NOT TOO STRONG)

"THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD  
FOR HER,

WHO HOLDS MY HEART IN  
PAWN!"

AUSSI.

"Hey! Who's a-swannin' ye now y' old ugly duckling?" asked Ezry Deming, shuffling out to take his accustomed place in the nimble-jawed row on the store porch. With a smart slap at Jimp's nearest shoulder, Ezry stood guffawing immoderately at his own wit. By this time some half-dozen chairs had come slamming down from their usual teetering perches, and more than that number of necks were stretching in amazement up the road in the same direction as Jimp's.

There, down the narrow village street, thru muddy ruts swerved erratically from one row of white painted pickets to the other, as the winter drifts had dictated, came trotting a big roan horse, drawing a small buggy. The horse was gray-ing with age, but was still sleek, swift and exquisitely groomed. The style of the carriage, also, betrayed its age, but in the fitful sunlight it shone gloriously with new paint and polish. A tall elderly man, lean and brown, and broad-shouldered, sat in the driver's seat,—a typical Yankee of the old school, even to the chin-whiskers and the kindly twinkle in his eye. Beside him was a woman of almost his own age, quite typically a native of New England. Now she was shrouded in billowing black silk and broadcloth, half hidden under an old fashioned hat that startled one by its becoming individuality. But she gave the observer, none the less, a distinct impression of well-proportioned largeness. She was tall and heavy, yet one surmised that she stepped more lightly and moved more briskly than scores of city-bred girls. Her skin was fresh and clear, and pink from the damp spring wind. Her hair was a clear gray, and now it was curling tightly from moisture. And her eyes, remarkable eyes of the deepest brown and truest clarity, looked out at the world with commanding fearlessness.

All these details the group on the porch noticed only subconsciously, far more absorbed in the vital business of digging up ancient and petrified gossip.

"It's him sure 'nuff," agreed Cal Fisher in answer to the unuttered question on all their faces.

"Gosh, now, if 'tain't!" ejaculated Bob Hackett, coming out of a pipe dream with a burst of sudden interest.

"Who'd ye say?" demanded young Hank Westcott, pushing his way thru the crowd with his usual insolent curiosity.

(continued on page 19)

## HORACE, BOOK I, ODE NINE

Socarte's peak in dazzling white is dressed;

The groaning trees 'neath snowy burdens bend,

While winter winds their icy barriers send,

The flight of brook and river to arrest.

Dispel the cold; and let the hearth fire roar

With blazing logs, while mirth and song abound;

And, Thaliarchus, let our cares be drowned

In wine which from the Sabine jars you pour!

Cast care aside; mere mortals cannot bring

Respite from mighty Nature's edict stern;

The immortal gods alone have power to turn

Harsh winter's frown into the smile of spring.

Why, then, should dread of future fate annoy?

Some good arrives with every passing day.

Come, let us live and love, while now we may,

Lest fretful Age too soon surprise our joy.

Now let the civic square be rendezvous

Where, at the hour appointed, lovers meet

For strolls nocturnal down the silent street;

Or, in the park let vows be sealed anew.

Now let the maiden's teasing laughter wing

From nook obscure, where from her swain she hides;

And watch how soon his feigned wrath subsides

When, in revenge, he's filched her charm, or ring.

Translated by 'Kibby'

— DU —

## EXCLUSION

I grant you my attention,  
Perhaps a kindly thought,—  
I give you friendly mention,  
Because I think I ought;

I make my supplication,—  
Include a prayer for you;  
I've little hesitation  
Approving what you do.

I owe you my affection,  
For I on yours am thrown;  
But still some insurrection  
Bids me keep my heart my own.

X.

## DISAPPOINTMENT

Disappointment looked at me all day,

But at night she turned away. . .

In the morning she was fair  
And the sunlight on her hair,  
Made it gold,  
While a dead flower laughed in the wind.

Came the rainfall with the noon,  
Amber locks changed all too soon  
Growing old.  
As a dead flower sighed in the wind.

At night her face was very near,  
Her lost voice whispering in my ear,  
Made me cold.  
And a dead flower sobbed in the wind.

Then a sudden gust of gladness  
Burst rushing in my room,  
Blew the face and form of sadness  
Wailing back into her tomb.

Thus Disappointment looked at me all day,  
But at night she turned away. . .  
I.K.

— DU —

## March

While yet the winter ice sheathes lake and stream,  
And moonbeams play upon a world of white;  
E'er blade and bud have wakened from their dream  
To push their timid shoots up to the light.

The blustering tread of burly March strikes fear  
Into the heart of Nature, but its bluff  
Soon spent, reveals a spirit more sincere;  
And on the 21st, mature enough  
To cast her ballot, votes for winter's death,

And truant to her former stern regime,  
The arch reformer's warm persuasive breath  
Frees Nature from her fetters.  
Springs' bright gleam  
Brings feathered songsters to proclaim the birth  
Of Springtime to a winter-weary Earth.

G.W.

## TO A PICTURE

Your eyes look very kind tonight,  
They smile so understandingly—

Hidden in shadow, clear as light  
They seem to see.

And once again the old, old charm  
—Ah! Will you never let me be?—

Hides in their depths and living, warm,  
They plead with me.

I wonder why it hurts me so  
To feel you watching quietly,—

Because you choose, with all you know,  
To leave me free?

V.

— DU —

## I KNOW A POEM.

I know a poem,  
It was told to me,  
Of a redbird high  
In a cedar tree.  
There was snow falling  
On a cedar bough  
And the bird was still  
As the silence now.  
A drop of crimson  
From the heart of love  
Fell with the snowflakes  
Mingling above.  
It was a redbird  
Flew to the tree  
With the snowflakes falling  
All silently.  
Then came the sound  
Of a bird-note low  
Ending the poem  
All that I know.

I.K.

— DU —

## LOVESICK

I'm weary of man and his heaving heart  
I'm weary of maidens who grieve apart  
I've naught but scorn for the lover's lay  
I find no sport in Cupid's play  
And certainly no art.

I've romance enough in the winter sky  
In the click of the bat's wings wings passing by  
In the hurried flurries of summer rain  
The sunrise flush on autumn grain  
For these things never die.

Z.X.



**Our Serenade**

Awake! Awake! Forget your dreams!

Unveil your eyes of light,  
And grace us with their myriad beams!

Then we can sing aright,  
Then we will tell you how we feel  
About you—everyone.  
Now harken to our hearts' appeal,  
And listen till we've done.

Ho! Greet this group of comrades true,  
As here below we sing;  
Accept our living love for you  
Which in our song we bring;  
So sure as night comes after day,  
Exchanging sun for moon,  
We've come to give our hearts away—  
Oh, won't you claim them soon?

We live to love; we love to live;  
And we are here to say  
That, since to you our hearts we give,  
We want your hearts for pay!  
An even trade? A kiss to boot?  
Come, come, my ladies fair!  
We'll take you as sweet-stolen loot  
To some far lonely lair!

We promise to be good to you;  
We'll laugh at all your jokes;  
Throughout our lives we will be true,  
Like extra-special folks.  
We'll take out—we hope to shout  
Wherever you would go;  
There's nothing you must do without,  
Because we love you so!

Cal.

— DU —

**Irish Lullaby**

Close yore oys ye little brat!  
Pound away me little Pat!

Shlape, baby, shlape.  
See the goblins all around?  
They will git ye oi'll be bound  
If ye dare to make a sound!

Shlape me baby, shlape!  
Hear that tappin' at the door?  
That's a giant after gore!

Shlape, baby, shlape.  
If a young kid's name is Pat  
The giant grabs him loike a cat  
Grabs and Claws a little rat

Shlape me baby, shlape!  
Now he's comin' through the door  
Begorra, hear the giant roar!

Shlape, baby, shlape.  
Now he's grabbin' for you—whoi!  
Drat ye! If yore goin' to croi  
Oi'll jest sock ye in the oi!  
Shlape me baby, slape!

G.W.

"Mark Twain once said that the more he knew about women the less he thought of them."  
"That was frank."  
"Nut. Who ever heard of Frank Twain?"

— DU —

A friend of Mine asked  
Me if I Wanted a  
Date the Other day  
And I said "Yes," so he  
Got a Couple of  
Girls in Newark and  
As we were Driving down the  
Street a Fellow yelled "Hey!"  
In the jocular American manner  
"You've got a Couple of flat  
Tires there," but I had been  
Aware of the Fact ever since  
I had met the Young Ladies so  
I said "I Know it" and  
Drove on And the girls  
Thought I was So foolish not  
To get out of The car and  
Look!!!

— DU —

Small Boy—"Paw! Here comes the garbage man."  
Overworked father (absently)  
—"Well, tell him we don't want any today."

— DU —

**A Lass!**

Swans sing before they die, 'tis said,  
But what of men who serenade?  
Sometimes I've wished that they were dead  
E're they try thus to please a maid!  
What? Please a maid? Ah, it is ill  
They know not that, before she fled,  
She set her flashlight on the sill,  
And wrapped a towel 'round her head.

C.E.D.

Co-ed—"One box of powder, please."

Clerk—"Face, gun, baking, or bug?"

— DU —

Wig: Did you know that Whittier, in a well-known poem, refers to the new Chinese game?

Wam: No. Where is the reference?

Wig: "Who touches a hair of yon gray head dies like a dog, Mah Jong," he said.

— DU —

**NEXT**

Noticing the placard, "Iron Sinks," in a store window, a fresh college student stuck his head in the door and shouted,

"Don't you suppose I know it?"  
"Yes!" replied the irate shopkeeper, alive to the occasion, and wine vaults, but sulphur springs, jelly rolls, wood fences, silver rings, marble busts, trade returns, gold watches, grass plots, cement walks, vacation trips, Niagara Falls, sheep run, organ stops, rubber tires, house flies, and—"

But the young man had bolted. After collecting his thoughts he came back, and said,

"Yes, I know all that perfectly But I don't understand that last bit about the house. I thought that only the chimney flue."  
And then the buckshot.

— DU —

"Did you know that John talks in his sleep?"  
"No."

"Well, it's true. He recited in class this morning."

— DU —

Mable—"But you must admit that I am pretty."  
Jack—"Even a barn looks good with a new coat of paint."

— DU —

"How do you like your Latin?"  
"Best race I ever saw."  
"Race?"  
"Yeh. The students' ponies and the teacher's goat."

— DU —

Miss Take—"I'll bet you a hundred dollars that I'll never marry."  
Mr. Entirely—"I'll take you."  
Miss Take—"Will you really?"  
Then I won't bet after all."



"WALNUTS"





"Do you think women are fair to men?"

"From the amount of make-up they use, they evidently try to be."



"You seem to like Jack's attentions. Why don't you marry him?"

"Because I like his attentions."

## ANOTHER SCOOP

The movies, we know, are turning to the drammer for scenario material. And movies (no disrespect, Opery House, old dear) are pretty largely dependent upon music to provide emotional stimuli for the big "scenes." As ever, eager to lead the field in new movements, the Aesthetic Editor of the Flamingo has compiled the following list of movieizeable dramas, with theme music for each.

A Doll's House....."My Sweetie Went Away."  
Peter Ibbetson....."Dream Daddy"  
The Egotist....."I Love Me."  
Hamlet....."Mad (Cause You Treat Me That Way)"  
The 13th Chair....."My Lovey Came Back."  
The Bat....."Somebody's Wrong."  
Damaged Goods....."Aggravatin' Papa"  
Merchant of Venice....."Solomon Levi"  
Mrs. Warren's Profession....."Big Blond Mamma"  
Witching Hour....."Three O'clock (A.M.)"  
6 Characters in Search of an Author....."Daddy Won't You Please Come Home?"

— DU —

"What makes that light so dim?"  
"It was out all night."

— DU —

"Why do people say 'Dame Gossip'?"  
"They're too polite to leave off the 'e'."

## Curl Stuff

Mabel's got a heavy line,  
She's the berries!  
Helen's got two lips divine,  
Red as cherries.  
Mary's face is very fair;  
Boy! The gold of Betty's hair;  
Steppers—Lucy's got the pair,  
Light as fairies!  
Margy's got two wicked lamps,  
Just won't mind her;  
Peg leaves all the movie vamps  
Far behind her;  
Dotty's cooking does excel,  
Phyllis drives a Stutz like—well,  
Where's the all-round girl, pray tell?  
Try and find her!

V.F.

— DU —

F. F. V.

Prisoner—"Put me in cell 308, please."  
Officer—"Why?"  
Prisoner—"It's the one father used to have."

— DU —

## Call a Reporter!

"Any abnormal students in your classes, Professor?"  
"Yes. I have one student with very good manners."

— DU —

"During the war I heard of a colonel that went into battle with 1000 men and lost half of them before it was over."

"Why that's nothing. I heard of a private down in Mexico who was commanded by 1000 generals and lost 750 of them in one battle."

## PROBLEMS IN ETIQUETTE

Dear Editor:

I met a college boy that had a Stutz roadster, the other day. We have never been introduced but I let him take me out for a ride last night. Did I do right?

Zollene.

Dear Zollene:

Probably not.  
Ye Editor

— DU —

Dear Editor:

I received an invitation to assist at a sorority reception. At the bottom it said "R.S.V.P." What does this mean?

Emmet

Dear Emmet:

It probably means  
"Rent suit, vest and pants."  
Ye Editor

— DU —

Dear Editor:

What does R.S.V.P. mean on a wedding invitation?

Roe

Dear Roe:

In your case it means  
"Real silver vastly preferred."  
Ye Editor

— DU —

First Roomie—"I borrowed this sax from the guy across the hall."  
Second Mate—"What, you too?"

First Rommie—"No, no! We're going to have one quiet evening for study."

— DU —

"What is an oil gusher, father?"  
"An oil-stock salesman, son."

## Tempus Fudgets

In days of old, when knights were bold,  
And courted ladies fair,  
Beneath their balconies by night,  
They'd sing love sonnets there—  
And if they sought a boon,  
'twas but  
A lock or two of hair.

But times, forsooth, have changed  
though youth  
Still serenades, and o'er  
The college campus fondly rings  
Sweet music as of yore—  
It's not a curl they're after  
now,

"Bring on your food!" they  
roar!

V.F.

— DU —

## AT PATSY'S

Soph (noticing bran flakes across the table)—"Down where I come from, Freshie, we feed bran to the hogs."

Fresh (passing the box)—"So? Have some."

— DU —

Alma—"Now really Henry, don't you like we talkative girls just as much as the others?"

Hank—"What others?"

— DU —

"You say you are from London? That would make you a Londonite, wouldn't it? By the way, can I have another one of those cigars?"

"Certainly. And you say you are from Paris?"

— DU —

## SAME OLD STORY

Once a Senior  
Who was dated  
With another  
Senior, called  
For her at  
Stone Hall to  
Escort her  
To the Masquers  
Performance.  
When arrived  
And found her  
Ready, the  
Surprise was  
Too much. He  
Fainted. So  
They were late  
As usual.

Q.E.D.

— DU —

Yvonne—"What is that scraping noise out front?"  
Fifi—"It must be the chorus girls filing off the stage."

## ANATOMICAL ACCIDENTS

He kissed her passionately upon her appearance—Jefferson Hawkeye.

She whipped him upon his return—Burlington Constitution.

He kissed her back—Atlanta Souvenir.

She seated herself upon his entering—Albia Democrat.

We thought she sat down upon her being asked—Saturday Gossip.

She fainted upon his departure—Lynn Union.

He kicked the tramp upon his sitting down—American Pharmacist.

We feel compelled to refer to the poor woman who was shot in the oil regions—Medical World.

We weep to think of the man who was hit on his front porch.

— DU —

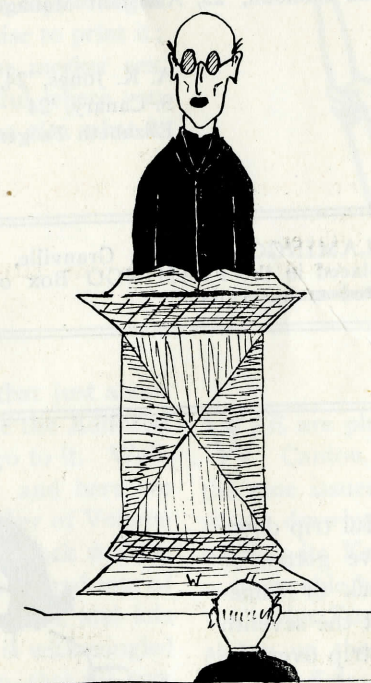
Teacher—"Give me a sentence using the word fundamental."

Jacob Stinebaum—"My mother what goes to collech says dat doing initiation, all da freshmen ate fundamental."

— DU —

"Why do the serenaders stand so far out on the campus?"  
"It makes them harder to hit."

— DU —



Speaker—"I wish now to tax your memory."  
Voice—"Great Scott! Has it come to that?"

## Me an' Annie

I fell hard for Annie Bently;  
So I wooed her; oh, so gently,  
Gosh, how I adored her!  
To be mine implored her—  
But she threw me. Evidently  
She had other plans for life;  
Then we parted. Subsequently  
She became another's wife.  
Thus did Annie cop my nannie.  
Gee, but I was awful mad!  
But the gent who married Annie  
Goes about with face so sad  
That I'm happy he has got her.  
I guess I'm the lucky gink,  
For the garments he has bought  
her

Would drive a king to drink.  
Kal.

— DU —

Gert—"The man that I marry must have common sense."  
Don—"He won't have, though."

— DU —

"It's so icy."  
"So I see."  
"Oh, be original for once."

— DU —

## LAMENTATION

What matters the fate of Marie Antoinette when compared to mine?

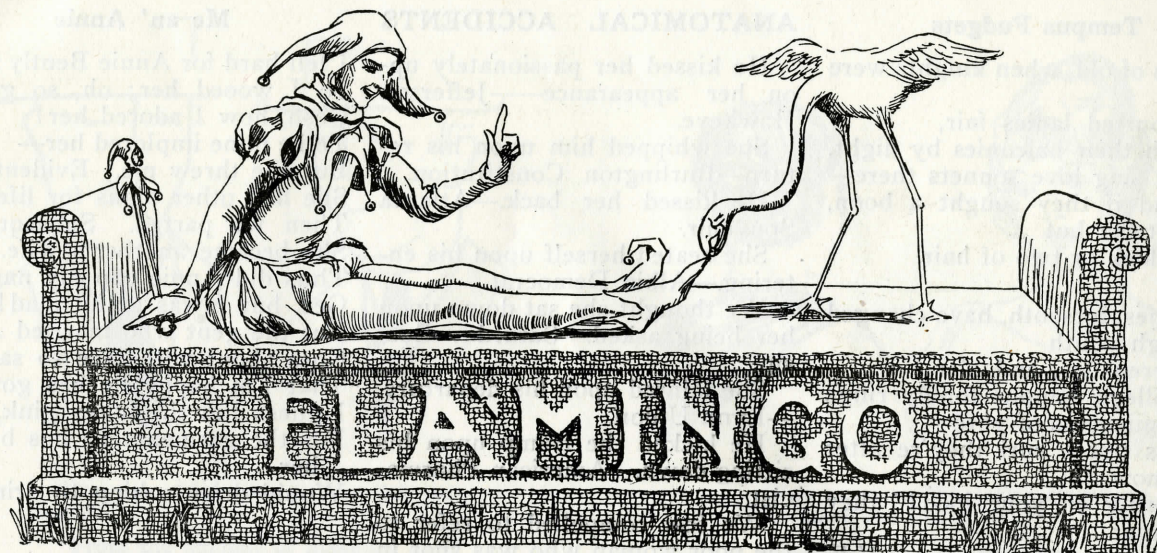
What were the trials of Joan of Arc with her death sublime,  
When placed next the awful ignominy, shame, disgrace, and infamy,  
Of this tragedy of mine?

What matters such as Life and Death with such a fate as mine?  
Death were far less difficult than the steep path I climb!  
And the farther on my way I go,  
the farther I seem to fall below—  
Oh, this tragedy of mine!

Oh cruel fates! How could you place upon my tender shoulders  
Such a curse—the weight is heavier than boulders!  
It almost breaks my heart to know  
that thru my life I needs must go  
With this tragedy of mine.

Alas! To almost desperate means  
I oftentimes am goaded.  
To think my little head must be  
with such a burden loaded!  
The sum of all my trials and woes  
is very simply stated—  
My folks won't let me bob my  
hair—and gosh, how I do hate  
it!  
B. K. R.





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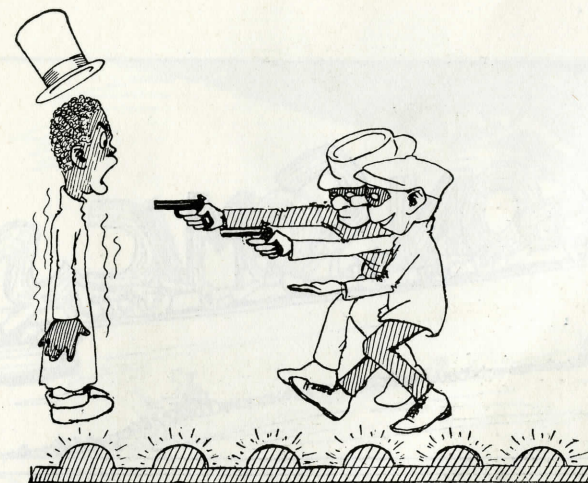
Address all communications to THE FLAMINGO, Box 568, Granville, O. Contributions may be mailed to this address, brought to the office, or placed in the FLAMINGO Box on the hill. The editor reserves the right to make minor changes in accepted manuscripts.

Two Dollars the Year.

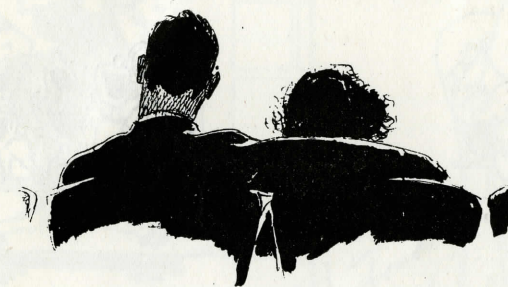
Twenty-five Cents the Copy.

## THE HOODOO CHAIR

THE Masquers, having made a successful trip down the really difficult Dover Road, have gotten so cocky that they're planning to put a tack or something in The Thirteenth Chair along about the seventh of March. In our humble opinion, their trip over the Dover Road was well done; and it was one of the hardest plays that they have tried in years. "The Thirteenth Chair," a sort of mystery play, will be even more of a task for them; from our hasty glance at the book of



the play, they will either send chills down your back or you out for eggs; it isn't one of those simple things that get by with poor acting because of their own cleverness. At any rate, when the curtain rolls up for the first blood-curdling act, we intend to keep an eye on that hoodoo chair; and we're betting on the Masquers to keep our minds off the hen-fruit!



## SPRING TURNS NORTH

OUR six-years neice, about Valentine's day, brought us a bit of poetry and made us promise to print it; girls do show a genius for managing the meeker sex at an early age! Here it is, but be careful where you quote it; although we haven't the slightest idea what it means, we've a suspicion that it's loaded.

Roses are red,  
Violets are blue;  
Sugar is sweet,  
And so are you!

## SEE YOU LATER!

AS WE read over our diary, we see that just about a year ago we were set down before the Editorial Desk and told to go to it. Well, I reckon we did; and here we are, at the last number of Volume IV, with the Town Clock striking quitting time. We've had lots of fun with the Old Bird, and lots of work too; so it is with mingled feelings, and so on, that we type the last page of fodder fo' der fowl.

What shall we say? We have been rather non-

critical in our personal pages throughout the year; not because of lack of things to criticize, not because we have no opinions about them; but because the purpose of the Flamingo is to lighten the day with jest and story by the fire-side rather than to stand at the window and point at the lowering clouds. We have earnestly tried to carry out that task. Nevertheless, we have been asked repeatedly by under-graduates and alumni for our stand upon the difficulties in which the college finds itself. Alright, here goes.

Once upon a time, George Washington assaulted a cherry tree with deadly intent and a hatchet; and legend has it that, although a boy, he was man enough to tell the truth about it. He stood for a principle of honesty; and the application of that principle of honesty by the officers, faculty, and students of the college would, we believe, eliminate most of the trouble. It would be, doubtless, a radical step, but it might be worth a trial. Think it over.

And now—we've done gone and been serious!



WE are pleased to announce that Edgar Bridge, of Canton, has been selected to keep the Cage for the nine issues of Volume V. We are glad that he whose drawings have long featured the magazine will be now its Keeper. We feel sure that the Old Bird is in capable hands.

Charles Fundaberg, of Newark, who has shown his ability on the Advertising Staff, will look after the financial affairs as Business Manager; and "Doc" Loveless prophesies coin in the coffers.

Well,—luck to you, Bridge.  
So long!

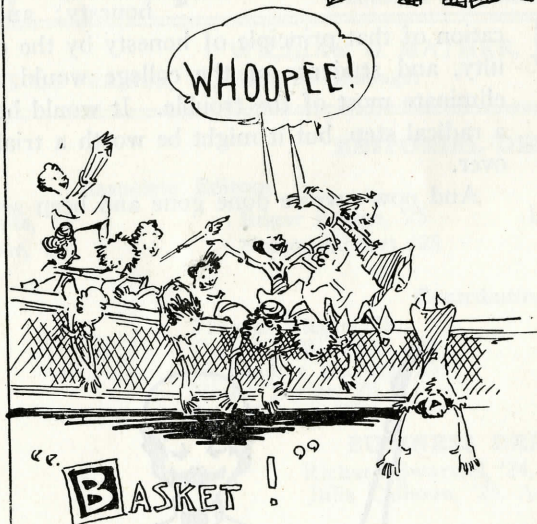
W.G.





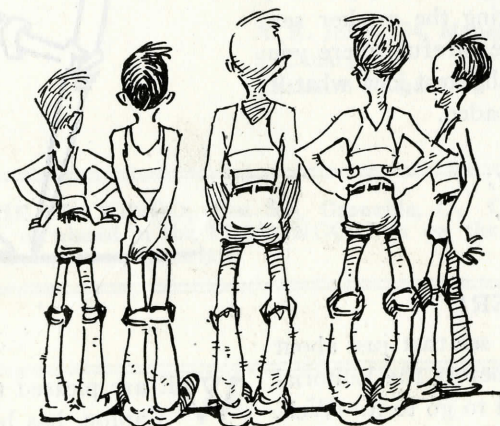
AN  
EVENING

# BASKETBALL - ON AND OFF THE FLOOR



INTERMISSION CANARIES

HOW COME  
ALL THE PLAYERS  
DON'T BLOW  
WHISTLES?



THE TEAM

JELLYBEANIN



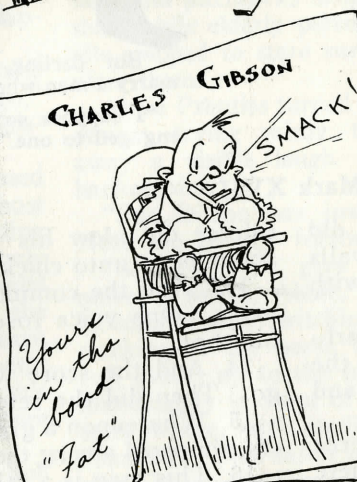
## HOORAY FOR GEORGE!

YEA! BO! HAVING PAID OUR  
HOSPITAL FEE - WE'RE  
PLANNING TO  
SPEND AT  
LEAST ONE

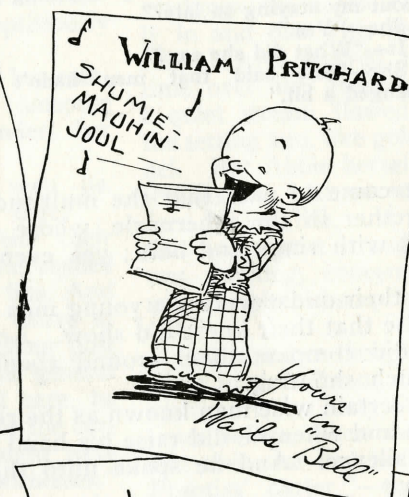


PEACEFUL  
WEEK  
BOARDING  
AT THE COLLEGE HOSPITAL

## MARCH ENTRIES IN OUR Beauty Contest



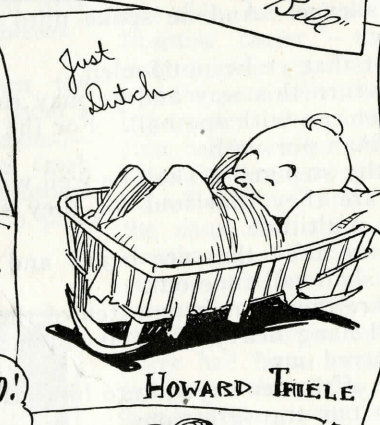
Yours  
in the  
bond-  
"Fat"



Yours  
in  
Wails Bell



POSITIVELY NO!  
THA CONTEST  
IS NOT OPEN  
TO LADIES







It—"Did your mother say anything about my staying so late?"  
She—"Yes."  
It—"What did she say?"  
She—"She said that men hadn't changed a bit."



"But darling, don't you want to marry a man who is economical?"  
"I suppose so; but it's awful being engaged to one."

Mark XVII

1. Now it came to pass that the multitude did assemble together in the tabernacle whose walls were adorned with rings and bars; yea even with dumb-bells.
2. And in their midst were ten young men garbed in such-wise that their kness did show. And the worshippers did compass them around about and there was much shouting.
3. Then a certain wise man known as the referee did step forth and when he did raise his hand there was a great silence. And he spake unto the ten saying:
4. Foul not that ye be not fouled.
5. Ye may turn this way and ye may turn that way but do not run with the ball. For the witless flee when no man pursueth.
6. Watch thy step and it shall be well with thee.
7. Cursed are they that foul for they shall be boo'ed by the multitude.
8. Cursed are they that are heavy and out of wind for they shall call time out.
9. Cursed are they that have eaten of the mince pie for it shall hang heavy on their stomachs and they shall be layed out.
10. And one of the ten sayed unto him: But how shall we know our transgressions?
11. And he answered them saying: Verily, verily I say unto you, bythis whistle ye shall know them.
12. And they harkened unto him. Thereupon the

- referee did blow his whistle and the ten did run about liken unto chickens without heads.
13. And the commotion was great in the tabernacle. One voice rose above all and they heeded him not.
  14. And the score was tied with ten seconds to go. Then did the referee call a foul.
  15. Whereupon a great uproar arose and the rooters whispered among themselves saying:
  16. This man is a false prophet. He is pop-eyed. May his children be born naked.
  17. And the uproar did become deafening.
  18. Then arose a local prophet—a man of great stature—the cheif slave-driver of the tabernacle who was known to some as the Czar. And when he raised his hand there was a silence that was heard over all of Palestine. And he spake in a mighty voice saying:
  19. He that blasphemeth the referee is in danger of Hell's fire.
  20. Whereupon silence did reign. And from the ten did come a man of powerful physique who did drop in a basket. For to him that hath shall be given.
  21. And the timekeeper did shoot off his gun.
  22. And there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.
  23. Selah.

N.H.G.

Constabulle—"Hold on here young man. What are you doing out this time of night with one of Prof. Stickfoot's prize chickens under your arm?"  
Student, caught with his socks down—"Well no chicken is going to bite me and get away with it."

*Little Kew-Piek has lost her Shiek,  
And doesn't know how to nab him.  
"Leave him to roam till Leap Year comes,  
Then you can surely grab him."*

Hub—"Just happened to run in to an old college friend, downtown."  
Wif—"I suppose he was glad to see you?"  
Hub—"Hardly. I smashed his whole right fender."



"Nobody can fool my man Bill!"  
"Oh I don't know. Isn't he engaged to you?"



— DU —

LATE SPRING

(Continued from page 8)

"Bije hisself!" This from old Tom Randall, but not in answer to Hank whom he essayed utterly to ignore.  
"An' Abbie Prentiss with 'im! Tee-hee-hee," snickered Cal, slapping both knees in ecess of glee.  
"In the same rig he used to take her ridin' in, thirty year ago," drawled old Randall, the local historian.

It was as if a shock had passed thru the crowd. They were almost startled out of their usual slouching garrulousness. For strangely enough, considering the perennial vigor of village gssip, many of the younger loungers had "never hearn tell that Bije Potter used to 'go with' Abbie Prentiss." The effect of this news upon them now can therefore be imagined.

At the first possible moment Bob Hackett slipped off home across lots and, arriving at his wife's freshly scrubbed kitchen, invaded it, muddy boots and all, with an heretical temerity hitherto unknown to him. Even the freezing look she darted at him over her lowered spectacles was lost on him as he gasped:

"Lindy—You'd never guess!—D'you know what's happened? Bije Potter's a-sparkin' Abbie Prentiss. That tough old bird!" With which ambiguous, and therefore scarcely chivalrous, reference, he fell to pulling at his pipe and tee-heeing abandonedly. Lindy Hackett, elbow deep in dough, only kneaded more vigorously, and staring coldly at him retorted with withering sarcasm:

"When you've hearn some real news, Bob, such as the Declaration of Independence has been signed, I'll be right glad to know it. The mop is hangin' as usual, behind the woodshed door." And with a meaning glance from his boots to the muddied floor, she departed with regal dignity, dough, mixing-bowl, and all, thru the open pantry door Bob dropped his pipe and jaw together, and stared after her.

A not dissimilar scene was being enacted that very moment in the kitchen of the Fisher residence. Only Rachel Fisher said nothing about the great declaration, but much about mud in its relation to floors.

As for the man and woman in the carriage, they took a wicked joy in this local maelstrom. They watched, with furtive and mutual glee, the immediate effects that their quiet progress into town produced behind them. On both sides of the street window curtains twitched, shades slid up, while dim silhouettes moved stealthily into strategic positions behind them. Here and there in their wake a shawled figure scurried across the muddy road and entered with slamming haste an eager neighbor's kitchen. In side yards hoes and pitchforks dropped with a thud while elderly persons in overalls stopped to stare surreptitiously after them.

Abbie Prentiss turned to her companion, trying vainly to smoothe away a visible laugh under her hankerchief.

"Sue Ditson has just seen us. Need we go any further Bije?"

"Might's well give 'em their money's worth, Abbie," he replied laconically with twitching lips. And clucking to the horse he drove at full gallop up to the hitching post immediately in front of the general store where, with studied care, he "handed" Abbie safely over the carriage block—as Cicero might have said "not unattended by witnesses."

\* \*

It was five o'clock. Thru the west window of the sitting room a low sun sent its last quiet beams,—falling in long rays on the fresh white curtains, across the dim brown rug, and coming to rest on a pink



"Don't you think her color is pretty?"  
"She has some even prettier than that."



— DU —

geranium in full bloom on an old writing table. That soft afternoon light lit up the whole room and revealed its unobtrusive cleanliness with an air of quiet approval. It lingered happily on an old wicker chair where Abbie sat sewing; setting strange fires alight in the silver gray of her hair.

Abbie's fingers were darning stockings, the needle clicking swiftly in and out with neat precision. Abbie's eyes strayed from time to time over the greening wood lot; a quiet stream flowed now, under the setting sun, like gold in its channel. But Abbie herself was thinking, as she had never thought before in her life, and on a subject that was almost strange to her. She was thinking, concentratedly, and with complete absorption, about herself.

Just now her thoughts were lingering in the vibrant air of another spring evening, very like this, thirty years before, when she and Bije—. But then she had been "old Judge Prentiss' darter,"—the gayest and most popular girl in town. That was the year when the French singing master, who came to town the first winter after Abbie returned from the Academy, had dubbed her "la belle Abbie," and for some years the name had stuck. As she remembered, it had not been undeserved. She had had more than one unusually romantic affair at Sayre Academy, and in her home town there had been men, any one of whom would gladly have married her had she permitted it. Five of them were living still, and of the six, only three had since married.

But Abbie had been too busy enjoying life to think then of "settling down." The very year she came back from school her Aunt Martha died, leaving her sole mistress of the old house. Then, close on the heels of that new responsibility, had come the busy years when she had gone with her father to their new home in the little state capital—where, with one eye on entertaining, she had kept the other anxiously fixed on the senator's health.



Contempt of Court



Then, a few months after their return to the village,—he had served three full terms,—came the old judge's stroke. For the next thirteen years, then, Abbie had nursed her father, cheerily, devotedly, stretching ingeniously their rapidly diminishing income to meet his increasing needs. Long before his death, even, she had, in the course of her own rigid economy, come into contact with other needy people in the village and surrounding country. Little by little these came to depend upon her for help of every sort. She could give them little money. But what she did give was generous in proportion to her own needs. And with counsel and encouragement, and quiet, capable service when sickness or misfortune came, she was lavish and invaluable. How richly repaid for this she was when her father finally died, only she knew. Left alone at forty, suddenly well-to-do, with an old incentive, as well as the old need, for work removed, how thankful she was for those outside interests and calls for service. For Abbie's early high-spiritedness had matured into a steady, kindly courage, a great capacity to sympathize and suffer without becoming hardened or soured by the experience.

And Bijé? He was associated so closely with all her harder years,—so much more closely even than with the earlier, gay years, that it was difficult to think of her own life apart from his. He had always lived "next door." And of the six most ardent admirers of her girlhood days he had been the one most nearly favored,—the only one in any real sense that remained true to her. It was a comfortable coincidence that his experience had been so strangely like her own. Only so much harder. His first winter away from home, after several years of steady work and careful saving for the cherished college education, he had been called home by his father's death. And from then on, year after year, it had been nothing but hard work, until his younger brother and sisters had grown up, been educated, and safely settled in homes of their own. And even then, for ten years longer, he had stayed on, the one beloved support of an invalid mother. Then strangely enough, within the same month, both Abbie and Bijé had found themselves suddenly free.

But the habit of long years clung. It wasn't easy at forty-five to forget griefs with the buoyant adaptability of youth,—to build your life flexibly into another's, even one you

loved. Spring after spring had come round and slipped away again, for five years now, and each time Bijé had resolved afresh to speak. But each succeeding season had found himself awkwardly mute and a little stiffer. And Abbie, too, had of a sudden discovered that her heart was strangely empty, as if her love had at last reached its limit, too freely spent upon the many needy bidders for its generous outpouring.

But now the old world was turned upside down. Wonder of wonders, unbelievable, Bijé had asked her to marry him! Not next year, or next month but now—as soon as she could. Taken off her guard, more shaken than she cared to admit, she had put him off a day, and then, like a fool, had driven into town with him, at his request that very afternoon. With reluctance she came back to the present, and faced the fact that she had promised to give him her answer tonight. Well, why not? There was no reason why she should not marry him. But, then, was there any reason specially why she should? Abbie wasn't of the temperament that could rest serene in negation, in the absence of any real objection as sufficient reason for taking so positive a step.

And secretly, in her heart, Abbie was afraid. She was hungry for a joy in life, a fulness of love that she had not had; and she was afraid, not only of missing these, but worse than that, of being mocked by emptiness in the very place where she had looked for fullest substance. It was growing darker. With a sigh she laid aside the last stocking unfinished and rose slowly.

There was a knock at the side door. Abbie opened it, then started back in confusion. It was Bijé.

"Evenin', Abbie," he said, removing his hat with that never failing courtesy that she liked so much. "I thought p'raps you'd like to drive out the Willow Road, it's such a fine evenin'. I'm goin' round past Foster's with some samples. Would you—er—like to go?"

Abbie accepted, haltingly.

"And—er—Abbie,—jest take yer time, jest take yer time. I don't want to hurry you a mite. I—I'll be glad to wait—a month,—a year, if you say so. Only—only I don't want to!" he blurted, turning abruptly on his heel.

\* \* \*

The peepers were out in the marsh, piping and shrilling in choruses of hundreds thru the sweet spring dusk. The road wound along skirting the deep swamp

grass, thru thickets of fine green furze, under a delicate coppery fringe of beechwood buds. A cool quarter-moon hung high in the west, and flecks of pink clouds floated round thru wide sky spaces of amber-green. Old Anthony, comfortably drowsy after a full supper of oats (unwonted treat) seemed disposed to take his time and to follow the road from long habit, quite undriven. Indeed the reins were looped loosely round the whip socket in the dashboard.

The moon slipped lower. A purply green dusk crept up thru the shadows of the woodland. The peepers in the swamp began to pipe with a shriller, bolder note. And thru all the soft noises of the spring twilight the old carriage creaked comfortably along.

"Bije," said a quiet voice.

"Yes, dear."

"I—I'll be glad to live in your house. I—I want to, if—if you'll only let me keep mother's old garden?"

"Abbie," a man's voice replied, "You kin have the shed any color ye want—or as many."

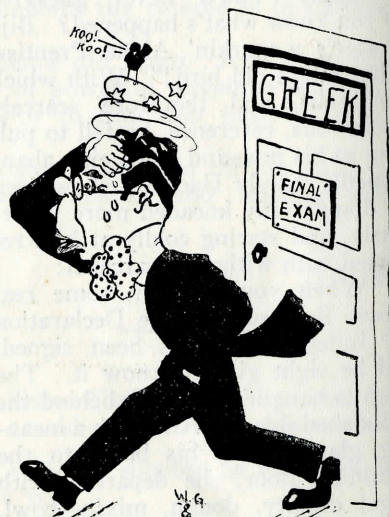
— DU —

The Bear—"Can you support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

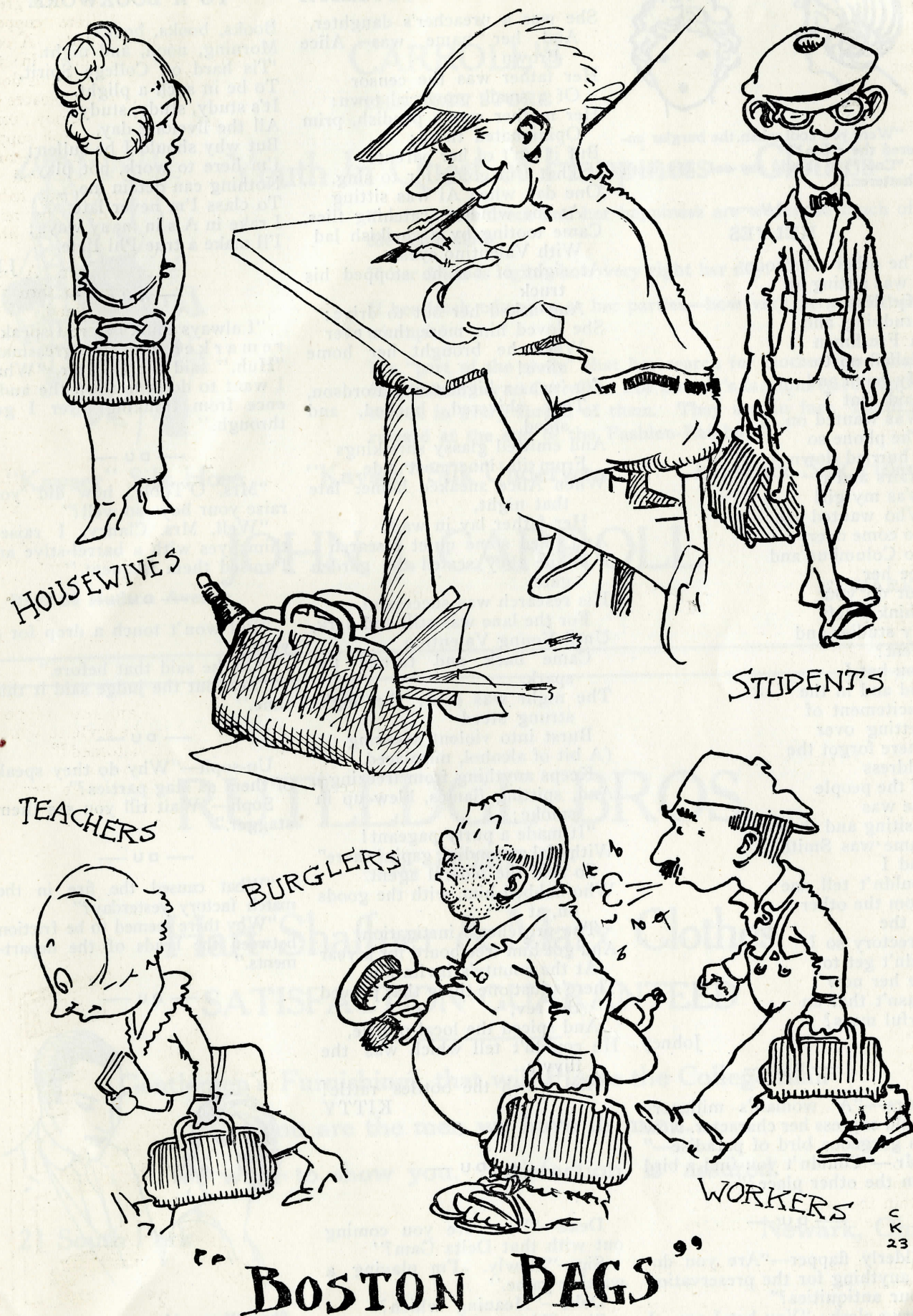
The Lamb—"No-o, sir."

The Bear—"Then take her. I was afraid you thought you could."

— DU —



The End of a Perfect Daze







"Were you cool when the burglar entered the room?"  
"Cool? I should say so! My teeth chattered."

— DU —  
HELYES

The other afternoon  
I was sitting at  
My desk  
Studying and  
A Freshman  
Called up to  
My room and  
Said that I  
Was wanted on  
The phone so  
I hurried down  
Stairs and it  
Was my girl  
Who wanted me  
To come over  
To Columbus and  
See her  
But do you  
Think I left  
My studies and  
Went?  
You bet I  
Did and in the  
Excitement of  
Getting over  
There forgot the  
Address  
Of the people  
She was  
Visiting and their  
Name was Smith  
And I  
Couldn't tell one  
From the other  
In the  
Directory so I  
Didn't get to  
See her now  
Wasn't that an  
Awful mess?

— DU —

Mrs.—"A woman's millinery should express her character. Now this gorgeous bird of paradise—"  
Mr.—"Couldn't you find a bird from the other place?"

— DU —

Elderly flapper—"Are you doing anything for the preservation of our antiquities?"  
Drug clerk—"You bet I am. I sell cosmetics."

## THE VILLAGE LOOTSMITH

She was a preacher's daughter,  
And her name was Alice  
Brown;  
Her father was the censor  
Of a small, provincial town:  
Her mother was a prudish, prim  
Opinionated thing;  
But it isn't of her parents  
That I'm going for to sing.  
One day when Al was sitting  
At the window, catching flies,  
Came tooting by a sheikish lad  
With Valentino eyes.

At sight of her he stopped his  
truck

And asked her out to drive;  
She loved him more than ever  
When he brought her home  
alive!

For 'twas a high-strung Fordson,  
That shivered, bucked, and  
shied,

And emitted glassy shriekings  
From its innermost side.

When Alice sneaked home, late  
that night,

Her father lay in wait,  
And plied some quiet research  
While they scaled the garden  
gate.

His research was successful,  
For the lane was still and dark,  
Until Young Valentino  
Came back and turned the  
spark.

The night was cold; the high-  
strung steed

Burst into violent sneezing,  
(A bit of alcohol, misplaced,  
Keeps anything from freezing.)

And, spitting flames, blew up in  
smoke;

"It made a purty pageant!  
With Val a-standin', gapin' there"

So said the federal agent.  
Who nabbed him, with the goods  
on, at

The preacher's instigation,  
And got him free board for a year  
At the county's invitation.

There's just one thing that peeved  
the rev,

And spiced the local prattle,  
He couldn't tell which was the  
flivv's

And which the bottles' rattle!  
KITTY

— DU —

Deke—"How are you coming  
out with that Delta Gam?"

Sig—"Slowly. I'm playing a  
waiting game."

Deke—"Meaning which?"

Sig—"I'm waiting for her to  
change her mind."

— DU —

— DU —

— DU —

— DU —

## TO A BOOKWORM

Books, books, books!  
Morning, noon, and night.  
'Tis hard on College Spirit,  
To be in such a plight.  
It's study, study, study!  
All the livelong day.  
But why should I be sullen;  
I'm here to work, not play.  
Nothing can detain me,  
To class I'm never late.  
I rake in A's in many ways;  
I'll make a true Phi Bete.

J.E.

— DU —

"I always think before I speak,"  
remarked the Congressman.  
"Huh," said the Senator, "What  
I want to do is to keep the audi-  
ence from thinking after I get  
through."

— DU —

"Mrs. O'Toole, how did you  
raise your boys so well?"

"Well, Mrs. Clancy, I raised  
thim byes with a barrel-stive an'  
I raised them frequent."

— DU —

"Bill won't touch a drop for a  
year."

"Oh, he said that before."

"Yes, but the judge said it this  
time."

— DU —

Un-soph—"Why do they speak  
of them as stag parties?"

Soph—"Wait till you see them  
stagger."

— DU —

"What caused the fire in the  
match factory yesterday?"

"Why there seemed to be friction  
between the heads of the depart-  
ments."

— DU —



She—"You said you wished to see  
my father alone?"  
He—"No, about a loan."

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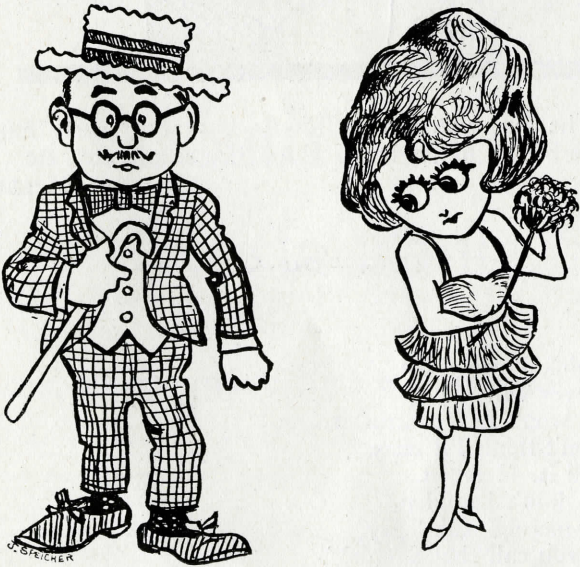
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She—"I think handsome men are al-  
ways dumb."

He—"So do I. That is,—er—pretty  
house across the street."

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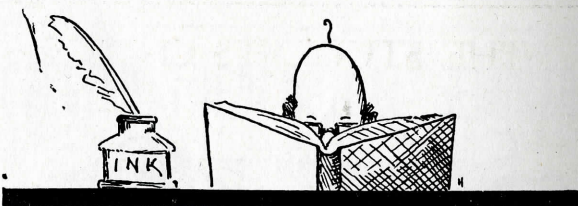
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The guy who wrote "K—k—k—katy" surely must  
have been a native-born, white, Protestant, etc., etc.  
—Merror.

— DU —

I think I can do it.  
I never will rue it.  
She won't misconstrue it.  
I don't think I'll miss.  
I did it. I did it.  
She didn't forbid it.  
She merely said, "Say,  
Do you call that a kiss?"

Jack-o'-Lantern.

— DU —

"Does John like to dance?"  
"I don't know. He tries awfully hard and seems to  
enjoy that."  
—Siren.



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—Puppet.

— DU —

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“Why-er-once when I was a boy, for bullfrogs.”  
—Record.

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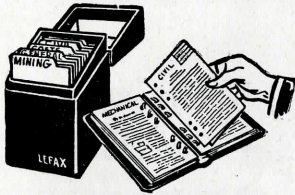
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— DU —

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Ruth—No.

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—Royal Gaboon.

— DU —

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—Siren.

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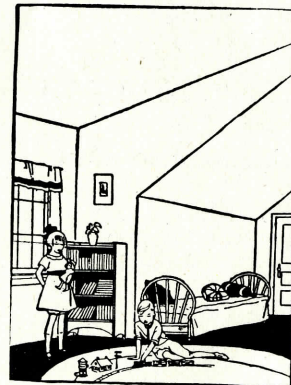
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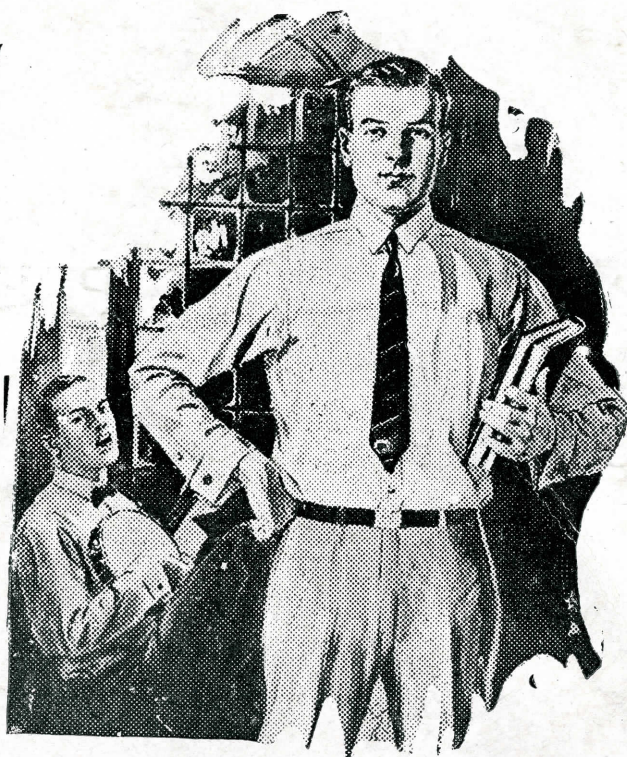


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